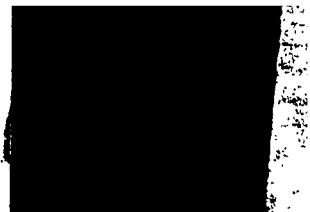


LOVING MEMORIES

AND OTHER POEMS

By

Lillian Forbes Gunter



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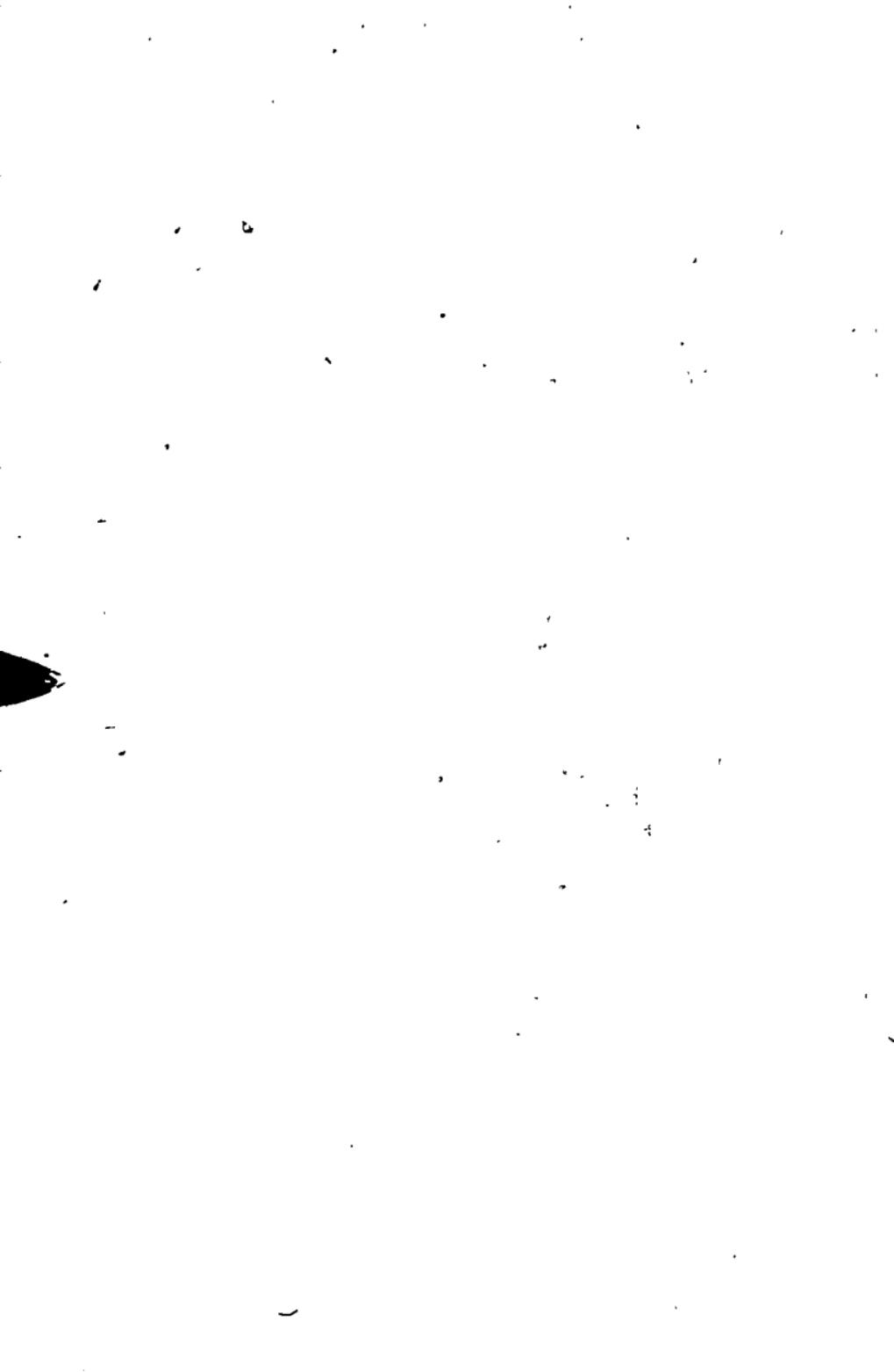
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Do Those Loving Memories Linger?

Have you e'er forgotten mother?
With her locks of silver gray,
As they bent above your brown ones,
When she knelt with you to pray,
On the morning that you left her
To go forth, the world to roam,
Seeking for the gold you dreamed of,
Leaving purer gold at home.

Have you e'er forgotten father?
How he held you by the hand,
Saying "Child, you're going from us,
You may mingle with the grand,
But remember what we've taught you,
There are gems more pure than fame,
Follow Christ our elder brother
He will guide you to the same."

Have you e'er forgotten sisters,
Brothers, friends and neighbors kind?
How they waved their 'kerchiefs to you
When the Town you left behind,
As the engine puffed and whistled,
How your heart then overflowed
For the dear ones left behind you
In the cottage by the road.

Do Those Loving Memories Linger ?

"Nay," you say, "I've not forgotten,
Though afar I may have flown,
Till the picture of the home-scene
Is by other scenes o'er grown,
But the love still lingers 'neath them,
And my heart beats warm again,
As in memory's train I travel
To the farm house in the lane."

The Old Khaki Tunic.

'Tis only an old khaki tunic,
Pass it not by with a glance,
'Twas worn by a gallant young hero,
He's sleeping now somewhere in France.

He's sleeping, now sweetly he's sleeping,
He gave his young life for us all,
For the blood of a Patriot was in him,
He answered the Motherland's call.

'Tis only an old khaki tunic,
Stained red with the costliest dye,
In the pale misty light of the morning
The wearer, he whispered "Good bye."

'Tis only an old khaki tunic,
What gem can its lustre outshine?
It matters not who was the hero,
He may have been your boy, or mine.

Lessons Learned at Mother's Knee.

Oft times when the winds of discouragement blow
Sweet sleep from my eyelids and furrow my brow,
I toss on my pillow till dawns the new day,
And long for my trundle-bed far, far away.

In memory I travel again to that scene,
The one little window where pale moonbeams gleam,
The sweet gentle mother who knelt by my side,
And prayed the dear Saviour her lassie to guide.

When I finished my prayers and kissed her good-night,
One plunge I would make for the pillow so white,
Down, down, I would sink in that billowy bed,
And pull all the blankets up over my head.

Then mother would tell me I had nothing to fear,
That Jesus was watching and ever stood near,
No harm could befall me, awake or asleep,
If His holy commandments each day I would keep.

Dear days of our childhood, 'tis well we don't know
How soon from thy pleasant paths we all must go,
How soon we must tread in the briar strewn way
That leads us from childhood, fair morn of life's day.

Lessons Learned at Mother's Knce.

Ah! blest are those children who've parents and home,
Who never have cause o'er the wide world to roam,
But more blest than they, are we wanderers who take
The dear Saviour with us, and live for His sake.

When comes the dark night, and the death angels creep
To carry us home, if we wake or we sleep,
Then Jesus will stand, as did mother of old,
And tuck us up snugly away from death's cold.

He will pillow our heads on His bosom so white,
And shading our weak eyes away from the light,
He'll carry us with Him, no longer we'll roam,
Away from our dear ones who dwell in His home.

Canada.

We love thee far dearer, thou land of our birth,
Than all other places upon this broad Earth,
O'er mountain and valley thy glories we'll sing,
From Ocean to Ocean let glad echoes ring.

Thy wheatlands, thy forests, thy iron and gold
Lie waiting the hand of the pioneer bold,
Our cities, our hamlets, our woodlands and streams,
Our country, our homeland, where God reigns supreme.

For thee men have lived and for thee men have died,
As shoulder to shoulder they fought side by side;
Our time and our talent to thee we will give,
And vow that we'll ever for Canada live.

Together thy people stand ready to go,
To keep thy flag spotless as new fallen snow,
In peace, or in battle, our love is the same,
God bless thee, our country, our own fair domain.

Thinking of Murray.

Oh, swiftly have glided, those years which divided
The scenes of our childhood from womanhood's
years,
But still they are dearer, and Heaven seems nearer,
When we see in our memory those scenes through
our tears.

We must not be crying, nor whining, nor sighing,
Tho' in places far distant our lot may be cast,
But with fond recollection, we will keep a collection,
Of those scenes ever dear in our heart's deep recess.

Oft times in our childhood, we wandered the wildwood,
Where grew the tall maples on hill and in glen,
And gathered wild flowers, while swiftly the hours,
Flew by on time's wing to return not again.

When life's work is ended, and our spirits ascended
To regions of bliss where they'll sorrow no more,
May those left behind us do us the great kindness
To carry us back where the maples wave o'er.

Then free from earth's sorrow, we'll wait on the morrow
To meet our dear friends in that haven above,
When we see them ascending, their joys with ours
blending,
Our friends from old Murray, those friends whom
we love.

Aunt Colista's Cake.

When I was just a little lass
With flowing yellow hair,
Oft times I'd tease my mother dear
To let me go somewhere.

And when my mother she would say,
"To Auntie's you may go,"
Then I would jump and skip about
As blythe as any roe.

I had one Auntie whom I loved
Far dearer than the rest,
She used to make the things I liked,
And petted me the best.

Now Aunt Colista was her name,
In case you should not know,
And my delight was always
When I found her bread in dough.

For then she used to fly around,
And hurry up the fire,
And make a cake which she would bake,
While I stood watching by her.

Aunt Colista's Cake.

She used to call it "stirred up cake,"
But stirred or whipped or beaten,
The likes of old Aunt Colista's cake
I never since have eaten.

When Auntie took that feathery cake
And spread it thick with butter,
I never could sit quiet, for
My heart was in a flutter.

I've travelled east, I've travelled west,
The daintiest foods I've eaten,
But never have I found the cake
That has that stirred cake beaten.

Mother's Tresses.

I have a little treasure
Which is very dear to me,
For the donor of my treasure
Here on earth no more I'll see.

All the gold of a Carnegie
My loved treasure could not buy,
And to all who care to listen
I will tell the reason why.

'Tis a lock of mother's tresses
Tinged with many streaks of gray,
Which her dear hand cut for Lillie,
Just before she went away.

Time has wrought some wondrous changes
Since those days of long ago,
When her hair was brown as chestnut
Mine as white as thistle blow.

Then she used to call me to her,
Run her fingers through my hair,
Bid me kneel and pray to Jesus,
Asking for His love and care.

Mother's Tresses.

This is why I love those tresses,
Though their colors are reversed,
Since those days when I a lassie
On her loving breast was nursed.

You may talk of all the pictures
Which we hang on memory's wall,
But to me my mother's tresses
Are far dearer than them all.

Christmas Cheer.

The merry Christmas time is here,
With all its wealth of joy and cheer,
May you and I this Christmastide
Remember Christ, who for us died,
And when remembering Him, may we
His poor despondent children see,
Who have no home in which to stay
On this our Saviour's own birthday.

May we, while giving thanks to Him,
Remember that some Jack, or Jim,
Is longing now for glimpse of home
As through the world unloved he roams,
May we in love go bid him come
To share the comforts of our home,
As we would wish that Christ should do,
When we with earthly cares are through.

Perhaps, if we in love would go
We might snatch, from the brink of woe,
Some man who on the downward road
Is spurred along by whiskey's goad,
Who, if he saw again a home,
Would be reminded of his own,
Where he, long since, knew Christmas joy
When he was mother's own dear boy.

Christmas Cheer.

Oh, say not he is too debased
To sit with you your food to taste,
At this our Saviour's birthday feast,
He is our brother though he's ceased
To walk in virtue's noble path,
For Christ has said, to him who hath,
"Go bid the poor, the halt, the lame,
Not him who hath a titled name."

Oh, stop and think, dear reader, do,
How would you feel if it were you?
Who stood outside the Golden Door,
And Jesus said, "You are too poor,
You cannot enter this my feast,
Whence come you, from the West or East?
Your rags are stained with sin's dark spot,
Depart from me, I know you not."

Perhaps we have not much to give,
Yet it might help some one to live
A purer, nobler life for God
When you and I lie 'neath the sod,
Then let us strew, while yet we may,
Some kindly deeds along life's way,
That you and I, dear friend, may be
With Christ through all eternity.

The Bachelor's Reverie.

A Bachelor, young and handsome,
Sat musing one day in his shack,
Way out on the western prairie,
Where girls are the things that they lack:
This bachelor sat and soliloquized,
As bachelors oft' have to do,
Says he, "My, don't I wish I were married,
This thing is sure driving me blue;
No one to smile a glad welcome,
No one to kiss me good-bye,
If I step to the well for some water,
Or with swill make a trip to the sty;
No one to get me my breakfast,
No one to kindle the fire,
And when I'm detained at the lodge room
There's no one the cause to inquire;
No one to yank out my whiskers,
No one to climb on my knce,
And no one to handle the broomstick,
Should I get on a bit of a spree;
No one to get me up early,
No one to keep me up late,
No one to praise or to scold me,
No one to love or to hate.
But here! I must wash up these dishes,
Great Scott! can that be a plate?
And there is that rag of a dishcloth
On the bed-post, serenely sedate,
Now I must sweep up this mansion,
Though the naughty microbes may demur,
And finish my model housekeeping
By giving the blankets a stir,

The Bachelor's Reverie.

I'm glad Mrs. Smith does my baking,
My! if I had a woman like her,
But, see here, young fellow, don't covet,
Be a man but don't be a cur.

I'll sit down and write me some letters
To those girlies who once played with me,

Way back in that little old hamlet,
In the provincee down by the sea.

There was Jenny with hair like the raven,
And Mary with laughing eyes blue,
And then there were Annie and Nellie,
And I'll never forget little Sue,

I loved them all in my boyhood,

Those playmates so true and so kind,
And I could love one of them now, sure,
Even if she were deaf, dumb, and blind.

So Dan takes his pen and his paper,
And writes, with one hand in his hair,
Describing his home and his prospects,
With a hint thrown in here and there,

That for travelling this life's rugged journey,
He'd like to be hitched in a span,
Single harness for those who preferred it
But it didn't appeal much to Dan.

A hint, was that what I said, Sir?

Well, a hint is as good as a wink,
And certainly, Dan, in those letters
Gave those lassies good reason to think
That a husband, if so be they wished one,
Well, the fact is, Dan came out quite plain,
And said if he got the right answer
That soon he'd be taking the train.

The Bachelor's Reverie.

Then Dan takes a tramp o'er the prairie,
To the office a few miles away,
To post those same precious missives
While wondering what each one would say.
First came an answer from Jenny
And Dan read it through at a glance,
No waster of words was this maiden,
Her answer was simply "No chance."
Next came a letter from Susie,
And in her affectionate way,
She scribbled to Dan, "I'm so sorry,
But, I'm going to be married today."
Another long spell of waiting,
And then comes along number three,
But whether 'twas for or agin him
Dan never confided to me.
But this I can say, for I watched him,
As he re-read that page o'er and o'er,
His color went flying and leaping
Like flames in the fireplace of yore,
And I fancied I heard him murmur
A bit later on in the day,
"Gee whiz! but I'm glad that the others
Didn't see fit to answer that way."
Next week I had to ride over
To see Dan 'bout balin' some hay,
I ran myself up on a padlock,
While a note in the window did say,
"Dear Pal, I hope you'll forgive me,
But I can't stand this sort of a life;"
And then, what was more to the point, Sir,
"Gone East to bring back a wife."

The Family Altar.

Just as darkness fades to daylight,
Just at dawning of the day,
I am thinking of my old home
Many, many miles away.

I am thinking how, each morning
We all used to gather 'round
That dear spot, the Family Altar,
Where each one a blessing found.

I can hear in mem'ries' chamber
Sounding softly, sweetly, clear,
That dear voice, my loving father's,
Pleading for his loved ones dear.

Father always prayed for guidance,
Prayed we might walk wisdom's way,
Pausing oft' to lift the fallen,
Turning darkness into day.

Many verses have been written
Telling of home treasures rare,
Such as trundle-beds and cradles,
And the mother's old arm chair.

The Family Altar.

But too little of attention
Has been given father's chair,
Hallowed seat, where we in childhood
Knelt for morn and evening prayer.

Fathers, mothers, are you thinking
Of the influence you cast?
Have you in your home an altar
That will stand while life shall last?

Will the lives of those dear children,
Whom God trusted to your care,
Stronger be to bear life's burdens
Having knelt beside your chair?

Schoolmates.

Backward again from my long years of roving,
Backward in fancy I often times go,
Back where in childhood I wandered the wildwood,
Gathering the blossoms which nature did sow.

Backward again to the haunts of my childhood,
Over the meadow, the hill and the dell,
Only returning on hearing the warning,
The warning which pealed from the old schoolhouse
bell.

Then to the schoolhouse that stood by the roadside,
Oft in my fancy I see there again,
Schoolmates who once were so happy and buoyant,
Knowing no worry, no sorrow, nor pain.

Time with his finger of magic soon changed us,
Changed some from childhood to womanhood's
years,
Some he laid low in the old village churchyard,
Some in the world he promoted to peers.

Yet in my dreams I am often times wandering,
Down by the brookside where watercress grew,
Wading knee deep in the clear sparkling water,
Clasping the soft hand dear Edith of you.

Schoolmates.

I, from those loved scenes of childhood, am exiled,
Over the vast western prairie I roam,
Filling the mission my Master assigned me,
Patiently waiting the message, "Come Home."

There we may all bask in Heaven's bright sunshine,
Warmed by the heart's love, which burning within,
Melts down the barrier of long separation,
Joins us together true life to begin.

Love.



Love is a jewel of priceless worth,
Illumining our way to Heaven from Earth,
It cannot be bought with the rich man's gold
Yet the beggar may have all his heart can hold.

Love is a well at which all may drink,
When the heart is sad and ready to sink,
Each man at its brink may be satisfied,
If he serves the Master whatever betide.

Love is a flower which fadeth not,
Though the battle of life be long and hot,
Its sweet aroma pervades the air,
In the home of wealth and the home of care.

Love is a sea on which all may sail,
Safe into port through the roughest gale,
Where the Master stands with outstretched hand,
To welcome the wanderers from every land.

Somewhere in France.

Somewhere in France he takes his chance
Of life for you and I,
He heard his Country calling him,
He gave no coward's cry,
He donned his coat of khaki hue,
And forth with courage firm and true,
He marched to do or die.

Somewhere in France the papers tell
Of battles fought, 'mid shot and shell,
Of battles lost, of victories gained,
Of British honor kept unstained,
No fight too hard, no loss too great,
To save our homes from Belgium's fate.

At Ypres and at Somme they fought,
Oh! must their blood be spent for nought?
Some gave a limb, some gave a life,
In hope to terminate the strife,
It mattered not how great the cost
The ground once gained *must not be lost.*

Oh! men of Canada why stand,
A blight upon our own fair land?
You, who have health and strength to give,
Go! help our fallen heroes live,
Yes! live again for that glad day
When Kaiser Bill has passed away.

Somewhere in France.

Oh! a glad and glorious day 'twill be,
When 'crost the deep and briny sea,
Our boys come sailing home again,
To tell of comrades freed from pain,
Who wait for us in that Fair Land
With stars and crowns from Christ's own hand.

To the Boys of the 217th on Leaving Regina for Overseas Service

God bless you boys in khaki,
And guard you on your way,
To terminate the bloody fight,
To speed the happy day.
That day when war shall cease to be,
When Germany shall bow
Her head in deep humility,
For crimes out-numbered now.
Have patience, boys, the restless wait,
Of training here is o'er,
Full soon you'll hear the cannon boom
Beyond Atlantic's roar,
Full soon you'll stand on German soil,
Then through blood, smoke and din,
You'll wear your khaki uniform
In wicked old Berlin.

*To the Boys of the 217th on Leaving Regina
for Overseas Service.*

We all have loved ones who have marched
The path you now must tread,
Some wait to greet you when you land,
Some wait, in Heaven, instead.
But, courage boys, if some must fall,
Your blood shall surely save
Some weak one, who can never fill
A hero's honored grave.
God bless you, boys, again we say,
Our eyes with tears o'erflow,
Our hearts with love and pride are full,
Oh! must we see you go?
Our own fair Canada must give
Her best, as in the past,
That universal peace may come,
God grant it comes at last.

The Sinking of the TITANIC on Her Maiden Voyage, April 14, 1912.

Out upon the broad Atlantic,
'Neath a starry April sky,
In the stillness, through the darkness,
O'er the waters came the cry,
"Come at once, our ship is sinking,
Settling by the forward deck,
And we fear before the morning
She will be a total wreck."

Men remained to do their duty,
Men remained to render cheer,
To those helpless, frightened creatures.
Round whom death was hovering near.
"For," said they, "We must be British,
British to the heart's deep core,
Save the women, save the children,
Though we never see the shore."

Noble women, too, were standing
By their husbands on that deck,
Women, whose unflinching courage
Calls forth every heart's respect,
May their memories be cherished
All adown the coming years,
For in them we see the Love-God,
Conquerless by deathly fears.

*The Sinking of the TITANIC on Her Maiden
Voyage, April 14, 1912.*

As the giant ship was sinking,
Sinking to her ocean grave,
Hundreds leaped into the water,
Hoping thus their lives to save,
But the cruel, cold Atlantic
Hungered for its human prey,
And ere morn their pallid faces
Lay upturned to the spray.

Ah! dear reader, here's a lesson
You and I may learn today,
We like ships are smoothly sailing
Thinking danger far away,
But if on some hidden iceberg
Our frail barque should strike some day,
Have we on the Gospel life belt?
Are we ready for the fray?

Buffie's Playthings.

There's a little box of playthings
Stored away with tender care,
In the box a little ringlet
Of a baby's auburn hair.

In the recess of my chamber
Hangs a little coat of grey,
Oft I press it fondly to me
Since the wearer's gone away.

Blocks and bells, and trap shall never
Strew my tidy house again,
Chairs no more be hitched for horses,
Never more be stacked for trains.

Strangely quiet now the house is,
Little hands to wash no more;
Baby's questions now are answered
By his dear ones gone before.

Autumn Leaves

The rustling leaves of Autumn,
That lie beneath our feet,
Shed forth their many colors,
And fragrance pure and sweet.

They teach to us a lesson
Which you and I should learn,
Life's summer days are fleeting,
No more will they return.

Our Autumn days are coming,
Are coming all too soon,
Have we been idly shirking?
Unheeding summer's noon.

Shall we shine forth in beauty?
When comes that last great day,
Our work on earth all over,
We rise and soar away.

Gone But Not Forgotten.

Far away in old Ontario,
In a little grassy spot,
Lies my friend of early childhood,
Who will never be forgot.

Long, long years have passed since Edith
From my side was quickly torn,
'Twas consumption took my schoolmate
On an early April morn.

I shall ne'er forget the morning
When the summons came to go,
To say good-bye to Edith,
As she whispered soft and low.

"Mother, the room is growing dark,
Will you please to bring a light,
Place the lamp just there, dear mother,
All will then again be bright."

"Listen, listen," cried our darling,
"Do you hear that sweet refrain?
Over yonder someone's singing,
See! it almost stops my pain."

Gone But Not Forgotten.

And we, who had gathered 'round her,
Listened but we could not hear,
For it was the Angels coming,
From a land so bright and fair.

They had come to take our darling.
From a world of toil and care,
To a land where flowers blossom,
And there is no winter there.

Oh! the sad, sad days that followed,
When she first from us had flown,
But we bowed in meek submission,
And we said, "God's will be done."

This was but my first great sorrow,
Oh! it was a heavy blow,
To be parted from my schoolmate,
In those days of long ago.

Yet, again, I hope to meet her,
When this pilgrimage is o'er,
I expect to meet dear Edith
On that shining Golden Shore.

Seed Time and Harvest.

Some sigh in the springtime for summer,
Some sigh in the summer for fall,
And some when the harvest is ended,
Are longing for winter's pall.

Each season for me has its beauty,
Each bringeth its pleasures rare,
There's a time to sow and to garner,
Then let us each sow with care.

For the seed that is sown in springtime,
In summer will flourish and grow,
If we till with the hand of prudence,
The ground where the seed we sow.

If we in life's Autumn, dear reader,
Would be gathered as golden grain,
Let us do the part God assigns us,
In sunshine, or cold, or rain.

Then when cometh the frosts of winter,
And our heads are hoary and white,
With joy we will finish our mission,
And enter the gates of light.

The Nazarene.

Dear Reader, for a little while,
May I life's busy hour beguile,
By taking you in thought with me,
Away beyond Mount Calvary.

The scene, that I to you would show
Transpired two thousand years ago;
'Twas in a city paved with gold,
Where God Himself dominion holds,
But sadness filled His inmost soul,
Because so few names were enrolled
Upon the Book, whose pages fair,
Record those freed from Satan's snare.

The Father takes His only Son,
At evntide when day is done,
He says "Dear Son, what shall we do
To make mankind more pure and true?
I have loved them long, I've loved them well,
But still they take the road to Hell."

Up speaks the Heir of Heaven then,
Saying, "Father, I will die for them,
I will live with them upon the Earth,
And share their sorrows and their mirth,
And meet the tempter like as they,

*And foil his snares and evil sway,
And teach men how to overcome
The powers of the evil one."

Methinks I see the Father smile
A look of love upon His child.

The Saints and Angels gather round,
While Heavenly Courts with sobs resound.
Must they from Jesus parted be?

The Nazarene.

The joy of all their company,
Must He to Earth for sinners go?
To save them from eternal woe.
Then down from Heaven one winter's night
The Angels bore a spirit bright,
They placed it in an infant small,
Within a lowly cattle stall.
They gave this Heaven-sent little boy,
To be a virgin's pride and joy.
The Baby grew from day to day,
A Holy Child with winsome way,
Then wise men came from lands afar,
They guided were by one bright star,
God told these men His Son was born
In Bethlehem that winter morn.
They came their costly gifts to bring,
To worship Christ, the promised King,
The wicked Herod sought the Child,
With jealousy and anger wild,
He sought the Christ-child to destroy,
But God watched o'er that little Boy.
The years roll by; the child a Lad,
In rough and homely garments clad,
Plies saw and plane, and hammer too,
Within the shop the long day through.
He oft was weary, like as we,
He knew the touch of poverty,
Yet willingly He drained the cup
Which God ordained all men should sup.
The years speed by on wings of time,
The Lad has grown to manhood's prime,

The Nazarene.

He sees His brothers sinking in
The downward path of vice and sin,
He feels God calling Him to go,
To save them from eternal woe,
He lays aside the hammer then
To build the character of men.
Three busy years He taught 'mong men,
God's Holy Word explained to them,
He fed the hungry, healed the lame,
The dead He raised to life again,
His heart was filled with tenderness
For everyone in deep distress,
He lived a simple sinless life,
Amid a throng where sin was rife.
Twelve chosen followers He had,
But one among the twelve was bad,
His own dear Lord he did betray,
And all for dross that melts away.
The cruel mob our Lord did take,
And pierced His side for our sake,
Placed on His brow a crown of thorns,
And mocked Him till the early morn.
Then, when they said He was forsaken,
The very earth itself was shaken,
And God and Angels hovered near,
To dry our Saviour's every tear.
Until Christ cried, "My work is done,"
Then God received again His Son.

The Message of the Trees.

Did you ever lie and listen
To the message of the trees?
As they bent in benediction,
Swaying in the summer breeze,
Have you sat beneath the maple
The elm or the pine?
Have you heard them whisper to you
Of the past and present time?

Have you heard them tell the legend
Of the Redman with his bow?
With his tomahawk or flintlock,
How he laid the red deer low,
How he tracked the bear and beaver,
By their footprints in the snow.
How he fought his dusky brother
In those days of long ago?

Have you listened to their story?
Of the day the white man came,
How he laid their stalwart brothers,
Prone before him on the plain.
How he piled them into logheaps,
Burned them into ashes white,
With some others built a cabin,
Rested then at candle light?

The Message of the Trees.

Have you heard them softly whisper?
 Of the way our fathers fought,
For our freedom, Home and Country,
 And with blood these blessings bought,
Have you heard them staunchly bid you,
 To your Country, boys, be true?
Wear the maple leaf forever,
 On your cap of khaki hue.

The Irish Newsboy.

I'm a jolly, joking Irish lad,
And Murphy is my name,
But the boys all call me "Irish".
And it answers just the same.

From early morn till late at night,
I'm calling out my wares,
For I deal in newsy nuggets
That chase away your cares.

If you're wanting something classy
In the literary line,
Come along to Irish's newstand,
And your favorite papers find.

And if perchance your slumbers
Are broken on in morn,
By the jolly, joking Irish lad
Pray do not look forlorn.

For I sell the "Morning Leader,"
And a leader I must be,
So please excuse my noisy call,
And early rise, like me.

For early birds doth catch the worms,
And I must catch the trade,
And I don't believe in sleeping
When there's money to be made.

The Irish Newsboy.

It's Morning Leader, Free Press,
Toronto Globe and Mail,
St. Paul Dispatch you're sure to catch
Before you hit the trail.

I've almost every kind of news,
Canuck, and Yankee too,
With a special British stock,
And always something new.

So call around 'most any time,
A welcome you will find,
For I never am too busy, boys,
To greet a friend of mine.